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THE LAST OF THE  
**MOHICANS:**

**A Tragedy,**

IN FIVE ACTS,

FOUNDED ON THE NOVEL OF THAT  
NAME, BY J. F. COOPER.

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*SHEFFIELD:*

PRINTED BY JOHN BLURTON,

BOTTOM OF KING STREET.

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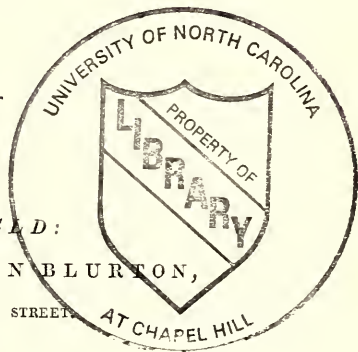
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THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

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Colonel Munro	}	English.
Duncan Heyward		
Hawkeye		
Triptolemus		

Chingackgook	}	Indians.
Uncas		
Magua		
Uraca		

Cora	}	Munro's daughters.
Alice		
Kate		

 SCENE.—North America.



THE

# LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Fort Henry.*

*Enter MUNRO and HEYWARD.*

*Mun.* Prothee have done. Thou art unkind to shake  
A father's weakness, where his reason blames.

*Hey.* Dear uncle, yet—

*Mun.* Tut, tut, I'll stop my ears  
Sooner than be enticed with sophistry.  
Thou art too powerful; my yearnings strive  
Against my better judgment. If thou lov'st me,  
Have done, boy.

*Hey.* But one word, Sir—

*Mun.* Do'st forget

Thou has't a mother? I did pledge my word  
To foster thee from needless danger; check  
Thy rashness; how then shall I meet her brow clear,  
If I permit this hairbrained enterprise.

*Hey.* No danger, uncle.

*Mun.* How! no danger, boy!

To traverse pathless woods, beset with hordes  
Of savage Indians, hostile to our cause.  
No danger! tush. Thy giddy fancy looks  
But on the wished effect, nor sees between  
The peril and the toil.

*Hey.* A half day's journey,—

*Mun.* Too long by half; come, quit this madcap scheme,  
And rest content, till time or some good chance  
Shall bring this tedious warfare to a close.

A 3

*Hey.* Content, sir, caged up here, without a change  
Of duties to relieve the weariness.  
Ever the same from morning, noon, till night;  
Same sounds, same walls, same faces, sameness all.  
O! this monotony will turn us cowards.

*Mun.* Be patient, still; as soldiers we must bear  
Whatever lot befalls us, evenly;  
We were unworthy else: I've promised thee,  
When time befits, my Alice is thy bride,  
(Since thou on her hast fixed a lover's eye,  
Nor she averse, I ween) let that content thee.

*Hey.* My dearest uncle!—Yet, if they were here,—  
How would this tristful place, change at this sound  
Of the light laugh of Alice;—then the song,  
Sweet Cora's song at evening, which you love  
So well to hear.—

*Mun.* Duncan, thou know'st my wish  
Responds to thine, and were it practicable,—  
Puh, I forget myself. How, thoughtless boy,  
Could'st hope to thread the forest labyrinth  
Between the forts?

*Hey.* I have obtained a guide—  
An Indian, whom yesterday I found  
Gazing with wistful eyes towards the fort;  
He was, he said, chief of the Huron tribe,  
And wish'd to purchase powder and some knives,  
Yet being poor he'd naught to barter with,  
Save in such service, I might put him to.

*Mun.* So, so.

*Hey.* I asked him if his skill could trace  
The mazes of the wood, which separates  
This and Fort Edward;—every path he said  
Was known to him from childhood; and if wish'd  
He would conduct me safe and quickly there.

*Mun.* And what assurance hast thou of his faith?

*Hey.* He took my hand, and laid on his head  
Their sign of sooth; and told me that his heart  
Was friendly to the British.

*Mun.* On a bond  
So slender would'st thou trust thy cousins safety?  
I know the Hurons treacherous and cruel,  
And ever fickle, save where interest binds.



*Hey.* That, sir, I have secured by ample gifts,  
And larger promised on our safe return ;  
If he is greedy, his cupidity  
I'll satisfy ; if needy, buy him to me.

*Mun.* I am not easy. They are circumspect  
In working devilish ends.

*Hey.* To those they hate  
I grant, they are implacable ; yet, sir,  
Do them a kindness, and you hold their life-strings.

*Mun.* Delusion all, I fear.

*Hey.* Still, sir, this man  
Can have no wish to violate his pledge,  
No motive to break faith. Dear uncle, see him.

*Mun.* Why, to what end ? I can extract from him  
No more than thou hast done ; I ne'er was good  
At conundrums in my life ; and these are problems  
Past my plain reasoning.

*Hey.* See ! he stands yonder.

*Mun.* Ay, boy, I see the same rigidity—  
Same corpse-like muscles, which defy inspection.  
I never matter'd much these forest stoics ;  
When they dissimulate the most, they feed  
Their hate the stronger, as pent fires are fiercest.

*Hey.* Surely this man is honest, sir.

*Mun.* Well, well ;  
Heaven grant it prove so. Thou shalt take thy course ;  
Go ! fetch thy cousins hither ; yet I know not  
Who's most to blame—thou, in thine urgency,  
Or I in sanctioning the dangerous act.  
Go ! make thine own arrangements. Fears and prayers  
Divide my anxious hours, 'till your return.

*Hey.* Look on it safely, uncle. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MAGUA.

Water slakes thirst ; cool herbs allay the blood ;  
And what shall heal an injury but—revenge ?  
The pale chief yields ! He has forgot the wrongs  
He heap'd on Magua, who forgets them not.  
No—tho' as buried,—he shall dig them up ;  
And keener falls the stroke, when 'tis unlook'd for.

(*Makes a Signal.*)

*Enter URACA.*

*Ma.* Uraca!

*Ur.* Chief!

*Ma.* Revenge hath found a trail ;  
Now shall it hunt the game, and Magua's wrongs  
Be feasted to the full.

*Ur.* 'Tis brave,—'tis brave!  
A coward he—a dog, who bears affront,  
And seeks not vengeance.

*Hey.* Listen, Uraca :  
Magua shall sing his war-song. Not with shouts ;  
But low and deep his voice. Not with arm'd braves ;  
But wrongs and hatred rankling in his breast.  
Those are his warriors,—they shall attend him.

*Ura.* The ear of Uraca is open. Speak.

*Ma.* When first the Yengees came from the big river,  
Magua was their friend. They gave him rum,  
That turns the brain mad ; and he brake the law  
Which they had made. What did they to him then ?  
They took him,—bound him,—scourged him,—he, a chief ;  
Aha ! - each stroke cut deep into his heart.

*Ur.* Hah !

*Ma.* Memory bears scars, they scorch,—they burn,—  
The Yengees should have done what they began ;  
Have killed not scathed a redskin. Soon my knife,  
Pierc'd the fool's heart who struck me ; lo ! his scalp  
Dries in my wigwam.

*Ur.* Good.

*Ma.* That wretch did but  
A master's will. He lives ; and so does Magua.  
Seasons have come and gone. Moons have changed oft ;  
Still Magua's stripes were hot. The forest leaves  
Budded, grew bright, and fell ;—still Magua watched.  
He could have used his knife, but it lay still.  
His tomahawk was ready, but he threw not ;  
No ! Magua knows the subtlest ways to torture ;  
He deals with life-stings, and life-miseries ;—  
He makes the solitary wanderer,—  
He points at lonely hearts, unquiet dreams—  
Thoughts that turn round and round, in cheerless gloom ;—  
Woes that shall find no rest but in the grave,  
A grave reached slowly.

*Uraca.* Magna is subtle!

*Ma.* The white chief hath two daughters; dearer far,  
Than life to him—his darlings. These are lodged  
Safe in Fort Edward; but the old man's heart  
Would have them with him; and he sends for them,  
Magna their guide. But once within the wood,  
All Munro's warriors cannot wrest them from him.  
For who dare fight the lion for his prey,  
Or meet the fishes in the deeper waters.  
Who steals the eagle's meal from the high mountains,  
Or who shall take the captives from a redskin,  
In the dark woods—his stronghold?

*Ur.* Birds with birds,  
Fishes with fishes strive. And in the woods  
Are other tribes. But Le Renard is wary.

*Ma.* Le Renard fears them not. Go, *Uraca*.  
Collect my braves, and wait me near Fort Edward.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* DUNCAN, HEYWARD, and TRIPTOLEMUS.

*Hey.* Are the things packed and ready?

*Trip.* Why, faith sir, if I form a part of the chattels; I  
cannot speak to the readiness.

*Hey.* What is out of order, man? Thy liver?

*Trip.* No, truly, major Heyward. But I would fain confess  
and be absolved before starting on this perilous journey. Nay,  
I might e'en as well receive extreme unction at once, as we are  
like no need no more of this life's comforts.

*Hey.* Why! art thou not courageous?

*Trip.* So, so, for that sir.

*Hey.* Then say no more against this journey, sirrah, or I  
shall suspect thy courage.

*Trip.* And yet a brave man might reasonably weigh the  
step. Talk of the cave of Polythemus, or of Æneas jogging *ad  
libitum* to the infernal regions! Here are we, on a like trip, and  
under the guidance of one who only wants a pair of horns, to  
pass muster for his satanic majesty himself.

*Hey.* Ha, ha.

*Trip.* Who knows either, but he may have imps waiting to  
pounce on us the moment we set foot into those infernally  
black woods.

*Hey.* P'sha, p'sha.

*Trip.* Its a fact, sir, they caught one poor fellow, whom they devoured with no more conscience than catholics eat fish on a Friday. And again, as two soldiers were sauntering one day,—

*Hey.* I see thou art a coward after all, Trip, the veriest coward. Fie on thee! thou stinkest worse than a fougart.

*Trip.* Prudent, sir! I own to prudence, and that is a better shield for the body, than a steel corslet.

*Hey.* Well, go or stay; it lies at thy option, I press no man into my service.

*Trip.* I have certainly compunctions about throwing oneself away like a rotten cucumber. What is life? is the question of the philosopher. I humbly opine it to be getting rid of long petticoats, teething and birchen rods; ergo, having escaped these major evils of minor life, I hold it our duty to live as long as old time will let us.

*Hey.* Hast thou done, most sapient philosopher Trip?

*Trip.* What is death? I ask of myself, perhaps a probe in the guts or a cut across the weazand; a matter of two minutes dispatch. Now, as I take it a natural departure is better, ergo, a long life is preferable to a short death. Now one man will wear a pair of breeches six years, while another wears his out in six months. Which is the better? marry! he who wears his breeches the longest, for he has bought many a pound of bread and cheese with money saved from the tailor; now as a man cannot change his life like a pair of breeches, he must e'en be the more careful of it. Besides, a little care of the corpus has its advantages, for it saves many a patch and bruise, and may be hopping thro' life, as one would hop round a ring at a country wake.

*Hey.* Well, stay then, caitiff. Many a young fellow here, will gladly accompany me to win a smile from pretty Kate.

*Trip.* I shall give no young fellow the chance, I believe.

*Hey.* Thou art a pretty swain, truly, to let a bugbear fright away thy gallantry. But be sure Kate shall hear of thy flinching in this matter.

*Trip.* Not a word of that, sir, or I shall never hear the end of it. 'Tis very pleasant to listen to a stream running among the pebbles,—gurgle—gurgle—gurgle—but too much of it sets the teeth on edge.

*Hey.* Thou art resolved then at last to be my trusty squire.

*Trip.* Why, if your honour be set thus on tempting fortune, you will need a trusty hand and a stout heart for service.

*Hey.* Meaning thine, of course. Well as everything is ready for our departure, we will set out instantly.

*Trip.* Instantly! sir, is not that rather sudden.

*Hey.* What to see your mistress, sirrah? come follow me.  
[*Exit.*]

*Trip.* I had best go write my epitaph.—let me see now,—“In memory of the valiant Triptolemus.” Why, ’tis as sounding as —“In memory of Cæsar, or of Alexander;—besides, the antiquity of my name may be traced higher than their great grandfathers; for according to the ancient authorities, our ancestor, Triptolemus the first, was a vast favourite with Dame Ceres, when she was a young woman. He was held a mighty man in his time too,—taught the heathens great secrets in husbandry,—invented the plough, and various other implements, and without taking a patent out for it either. “In memory of—but, no, that is too common now a days,—I must have it in poetry;—ay,—now for an extempore, that shall make all the improvisors of Italy break their heads with their fiddles—hum,—

Here lies poor Trip,  
A luckless slip,  
Of courage, just when blowing, cropt.  
Old barebones, with the scythe,  
(That taxman, whose fell tythe  
No man can slip,)  
Found him too brave to live, so stept  
The breath of valiant Trip.

*Hey.* (*within*) Trip.

*Trip.* Ay, me! but I fear there will be small need of an epitaph, as those copper colour’d knaves are likely to save the sexton trouble by swallowing me in collops. [Exit.]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Fort Edward.*

*ALICE discovered working at a frame.—COR.*

*Alice.* Truly, sister, my industry gives me a right to here have I been working thus long, and you sitting the pensive as a novice, about to turn nun.

*Cora.* As truly too, Alice, I am ashamed of my id But my spirits feel strangely heavy to day.

*Alice.* Sister!

*Cora.* And yet nothing the matter sweet, worth layin needle down, and looking so very earnestly.

*Alice.* Nay, that answer will not serve. It might done for your volatile Alice,—gay one minute and sad the next but I know that Cora never does anything she cannot do for.

*Cora.* Then I must e'en lay it to that capriciousness men say effect us women.

*Alice.* Well, the men cannot blame us then, for capricious to them, since we are not steady to ourselves. is that all?

*Cora.* Indeed dearest, I can give no other reason 'Tis one of those visitants that come we know not how, or where.

*Alice.* 'Tis well such suspicious travellers are not idle, they would ill bear a customhouse scrutiny. For me I always declare war against them, and fight as valiant Tom Thumb did the humble bee. There is your guitar, dullness flies readiest at the sound of music.

*Cora.* I will try, tho' it were but to hide my indolence  
[takes the guitar. *Symphony.*]

*Alice.* Aye, sister, but you must try a merrier time one will sadden your spirits wofully.

*Cora.* Nay, a sad heart would travestie blithe notes.

## SONG.

Why should we sigh,  
Thinking of absent friends?  
For still, they're nigh,  
Where sympathy attends.  
In the bosom there lie treasured  
Bye-gone words of love unmeasured.

Why sigh then—why ?  
 When fellowship begets  
 At times harsh words,—  
 Then follow long regrets ;  
 Absence makes friends worth, shine clearer ;  
 Love more hallowed, and them dearer.

*Alice.* And yet, I fancy sister, the idea  
 Of our dear father, absent, caused your gloom.

*Cora.* It might ; if there is aught in prescience,  
 Perchance, he thinks of his dear children now,  
 And knits to him our thoughts. Lovers you know,  
 Form telegraphs of stars, and therein hold  
 Mute converse with each other, gazing both  
 On the same object. But the secret spell  
 Of love paternal, needs no outward sign,  
 To point us to the pole.

*Alice.* And Duncan, too ;  
 The noble generous Duncan ; think you, sister,  
 He has forgot his cousins ?

*Cora.* A young soldier !  
 Surely his thoughts are disciplined on war,  
 To mark the policies of generals,—  
 Compare their stratagems,—digest their schemes,  
 Or perhaps he plans a battle ;—where to charge,  
 Where place his troops,—his cannon where intrench,—  
 Or he is read in marches, and retreats,—  
 Brings home the troops of Xenophon in person,—  
 Or plays the hero in the fight of Cressy.  
 War is his mistress ; Wouldst thou have him waste  
 His thoughts on two weak ladies ?

*Alice.* Would I not ?  
 I should not so forget him, sister.

*Cora.* No !  
 That candid answer, sweet, tells a strange tale.

*Alice.* Of what ? I only said,—why, surely sister,  
 One well may wish to be remembered by—  
 A cousin, and no harm done.

*Cora.* Said I harm ?

*Alice.* Well, no more meant.—you are too arch for me,  
 Your simple sister. There, I've done this flower,  
 Looks it not pretty ? tho' I praise my work.

*Cora.* Methinks it has too much of the red, my love.  
Or is't your colour that reflects the canvass.

*Alice.* My colour—nay, this raillery,—I'm glad  
The shadows on your spirits are dispersed.  
But in good sooth, for honest dealing sister,  
This sort of sharp shooting is treacherous.

*Cora.* A truce with jesting then; in sober earnest  
Lov'st thou not Duncan Heyward with a feeling  
Warmer than as a cousin? ope thy heart;  
None, save thy sister hears thee, and that name  
Will surely warrant, sweet, thy confidence.

*Alice.* I cannot tell.

*Cora.* Not tell!

*Alice.* I own sometimes,  
My thoughts will strangely wander, and to speak  
Without reserve—who's there?—

*Cora.* We are alone.

*Alice.* That saucy Duncan occupies those thoughts  
In shapes as many as old Proteus used.  
Name but a soldier, I remember straight  
That Duncan wears a red coat. Speak of worth,  
Of nobleness and candour, those same thoughts  
Still echo,—how like Duncan!

*Cora.* Speak of ill?

*Alice.* Why, then I think, how wide that is of Duncan.

*Cora.* You love him then?

*Alice.* I should be loath to find  
That he looks coldly on me.

*Cora.* So you love him?

*Alice.* Dear sister why repeat?—Bless me, how pale.  
O, you are ill, indeed,—speak, dearest -

*Cora.* [Abstractedly] Ill!

*Alice.* Have I offended, Cora? was I bold?  
Indeed you urged me to it, sweetest sister.

*Cora.* Offended! no love; 'twas a winning tale,  
And rightly have you chosen.

*Alice.* Still you're pale,  
How feel you sister?

*Cora.* Why, the pain is gone,  
It may account for that dejection, which  
You lately marked.



*Alice.* 'Tis want of exercise;  
Shall we walk out, the fresh air may revive you?

*Cora.* Ay, dear, bid Kate go fetch our hoods.

*Alice.* I will;

I'm glad you're better.

[*Exit.*

*Cora.* I knew she loved him;— why then was I mov'd  
With hearing it avow'd? Why did my cheek  
Betray how bitterly I felt the truth?  
Sure it was hope (which like the solar rays  
Can pierce the chinks) deceived me!  
Let me die,

Ere such another withering feeling comes  
To nip my heart's affection to a sister;  
And 'las poor wench! what was there in thy love  
To raise my selfishness? thy words were clear  
And guileless as thy face, then let me pause  
Ere I would rudely cast thee from my bosom,  
(Whereon thou lean'st and fondlest as a child)  
Let me recal thy sprightly tenderness,  
Ere I would blight thee, with a word, or hint,  
That thou art Cora's rival. Hush that sound!  
A constancy becoming Munro's daughter  
Arms me. And when their eyes shall meet, let mine  
Sink neutral on the ground. Or when they whisper,  
Be mine ears clogg'd, that when they speak of love,  
No jealousy be stirr'd. My heart—my heart  
Is widow'd, still—I'll draw my joys from theirs.

*Alice.* [*Without.*] Keep back, Kate; I shall bear the news  
myself.

*Kate.* [*Without*] Then, indeed, and indeed, Miss Alice,  
you must run the faster.

[*Enter Alice, running, followed by Kate.*]

*Alice.* Sister, what think you?

*Kate.* Yes, Miss Munro, what think you—

*Alice.* Kate, have done. As I was passing the corridor,  
happening to look,—

*Kate.* Thro' the window, who should we see,—

*Alice.* Sister, bid Kate hold her tongue.

*Cora.* Indeed between two messengers, I am like to lose  
the news. Silence, Kate.

*Kate.* [*Aside, while Alice is speaking.*] Thus it ever was;  
I never had a piece of news to deliver, choicer than common,

but some one always came to take the office out of my hands. Marry indeed! what is to become of ladies' attendants if their mouths are to be stopt in this way. Take away their tittle tattle! curtail one of their primest perquisites! Monstrous; encroach on their fiefs! Robbery! Truly we may next look to have the disposal of the cast gowns taken from us.

*Alice.* Looking as toward the forest, (whose thick shade,  
As tantalizing, hides us from our father,)

Who should thence issue? guess now for a week!

*Cora.* You would not wait an hour, for me to guess in.

*Alice.* No; for two minutes brings him here in person.  
'Twas Duncan.

*Cora.* Major Heyward!

*Alice.* He himself.

*Kate.* Yes, ma'm, and Master Trip.

*Cora.* So suddenly!

Pray heaven no ill hath happened.

*Alice.* Ill! ah, me!

*Kate.* No, surely ma'am; for Major Heyward look'd  
So cheerfully, he smiled as tho' he thought  
His coming would surprise ye.

*Alice.* So he did.

Truly, he smiled.

*Cora.* However, let us haste  
To learn his errand. You'll not lag, I know.

[*Exeunt CORA and ALICE.*]

*Kate.* Ay, there they go! Well, high folks can take a license of their gentility to do as they like; but if we poor ones would speak with each other, we must e'en seek out opportunity, as Gammer Gurton sought her needle. Well, yonder is Trip in the court yard, and as my young ladies are better employ'd than in thinking of me, it shall go hard but I learn the news as soon as they. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Court yard of the same.*

*Enter TRIP.*

*Trip.* If I escape an ague, thanks to the dryness of the climate;—I fancied the black imps grinning at us thro' the bushes like monkeys. Now I cannot account for this quivering of the flesh,—this violent evaporating from the pores, unless it is that every one has his peculiar specie of antipathy; as *par*

example, one great officer always turned pale at the sight of a cat; now, therein am I braver than he, for if all the cats in St. Ives were set upon me, I would face the encounter, without flinching;—again, one man faints at the smell of toasted cheese, and therein am I braver than he, for I can say with a clear conscience, I have no antipathy to toasted cheese;—again, it is well known that the valiant Dane Kæingsmark fell into hysterics at the sight of a gaping pig, and therein am I braver than he, for I excel in making faces myself, having once won the prize at our wakes for grinning thro' a horse collar. But wherefore multiply instances? were these men esteemed cowards because of their prejudices? No. And by the same rule, therefore, Trip is no coward. I fear neither cats, spiders, nor toasted cheese; my antipathy is to these cursed blacks skins, who make such short work of excommunicating the soul from the body.

*Enter KATE.*

Ah! Kate, Kate!

*Kate.* Well, Mr. Trip, and pray what does that long face prelude.

*Trip.* Every lover ought to mount a fool's cap, for his actions are full of folly; what perils have I not gone thro', enow to make a sensible man shudder but to think of;—and all for a sight of thy mischievous smiling face. Thou wilt have much to answer for some day, as this love will certainly be the death of me.

*Kate.* Ah! poor Trip! well, you will not be the first who has died for love, and surely you would not envy me the triumph of my charms.

*Trip.* Envy you! no, but I should deucedly begrudge it.

*Kate.* And now tell me, Trip, what is the purport of your master's coming to Fort Edward. That is, if his errand be aught more than a wish to see the young ladies.

*Trip.* His wish is to convoy them to Fort Henry.

*Kate.* No!

*Trip.* 'Tis true. What! you feel afraid!

*Kate.* Afraid, ninny, at what? I am delighted. Variety is essential to a woman's happiness.

*Trip.* Hast thou considered the dangers of the journey?

*Kate.* Never a whit; you shall think for both of us, Trip.

*Trip.* Hum. Remember if these imps of Satan carry thee off, thou art a lost creature, for they heed neither law nor lawyers, in a case of abduction.

*Kate.* O, I shall have thee for a protector.

*Trip.* Hum, hum. Let us change the subject, and having solved thy question, answer mine; which of the young ladies is it my master affects.

*Kate.* Miss Alice, I fancy.

*Trip.* Ha, I wonder at his choice; Miss Cora now, is more to my taste.

*Kate.* Thy taste, forsooth;—

*Trip.* [*Aside.*] Ratherly touched, I perceive. What an eye she has, Kate, so black, so piercing, yet withal so winning;—

*Kate.* Thou art mightily refined, methinks.

*Trip.* And what a dainty foot, Kate,—half peeping beneath the folds of her satin gown.

*Magua enters, and leans against a wall in the back ground.*

*Kate.* Thou hadst best leave the affairs of thy betters, to their own keeping. [*Sees Magua.*] Oh! dear.

*Trip.* Eh, ah! what ails thee, wench?

*Kate.* An Indian! look, look!

*Trip.* What! where? Ha, ha, what a coward thou art, to be frightened at a redskin.

*Kate.* Why, thou about to run away thyself.

*Trip.* Run away, indeed; that's our guide, an honest fellow, and a harmless, for all he looks so fierce.

*Kate.* And a noble piece of workmanship it is; what dignity! what a figure!

*Trip.* 'Twill do for a savage.

*Kate.* And then his beautiful, dark, shiny skin, Trip.

*Trip.* Women have strange out o' way tastes.

*Kate.* Then his limbs,—ah, what limbs!

*Trip.* Ye would find something to like in every ugly fellow.

*Kate.* He's coming, Trip.

*Trip.* He! ah, well, let him come; who cares?

*Kate.* Thou art afraid.

*Trip.* Afraid! not—not I. Kate, do thou stand between us, and if he dare attempt violence,—

*Kate.* Thou'lt be ready to run.

*Trip.* I shall be on my guard, and—and ready to cut him down; sudden surprizes are apt to take off one's presence of mind. [*They draw on one side.*

*Magua advances.*

*Mag.* Here is a coward Yengeese; one that fears An unarm'd Indian; less than woman he;

Had I a son, dishonourable, base,  
As this white-liver'd paleface, my keen knife  
Should cause the life-stream bubble from his heart.

*Kate.* What mutters he? [Aside.]

*Trip.* A murderous cut-throat he looks. [Aside.]

*Kate.* He's going to speak. [Aside.]

*Mag.* Fair is the paleface maiden. When the light  
Shines on her, it is gracious; let her smile  
Be unto Magua, as the light to her.

*Kate.* Prettily expressed; eh, Trip?

*Trip.* Vanity, vanity.

*Mag.* A powerful tribe own Magua their chief;  
His word is life or death to them, and theirs;  
Their all is his to take, and none dare say  
"Nay" to his word. But empty is his wigwam;  
He has no squaw.

*Trip.* Katy, he means a wife.

*Mag.* What says the paleface maiden; will she turn  
And hear the voice of love? When Magua  
In counsel opes his lips, chiefs shut their mouths;  
'Tis wisdom then he speaks; yet Magua  
Has got another tongue; he can woo softly.

*Trip.* [Aside.] Here's Indian impudence. 'Tis coolly done,  
To woo her to my face.

*Mag.* What says the maiden?

Will she refuse the suit of a great chief?

*Trip.* She has no taste that way, sir.

*Mag.* Still she hath

A tongue. What doth it say? Will she be mine?

Her children shall rule nations.

*Trip.* [Aside.] What a race

Of little whity-browns.

*Kate.* Here comes your master, Trip, and my young mis-  
tress. [Magua retires.]

*Trip.* Thank Heaven! it will stop this fellow's mouth.

*Enter DUNCAN, HEYWARD, and ALICE.*

*Hey.* So! Mr. Prudence; what! none of thy doubts left?  
All thy qualms vanished? Put to flight at the presence of  
pretty Kate?

*Trip.* Doubts, Major Heyward! qualms! have I qualms?

*Hey.* No, truly, they seem quite gone. Kate, has he been discoursing to thee on discretion?

*Kate.* Indeed, no sir; he would have me think him the wildest fellow in the fort.

*Trip.* [*Apart.*] So, so, I'm well in for it; now shall I be quitted from one tongue to another without mercy. I see from the jade's eye she is alive to the game of it.

*Hey.* Nay, nay, surely thou mistakest Kate; he stiles himself a discreet young man,—one neither love sick, nor love mad, but discreetly in love.

*Kate.* I assure you, sir, he speaks of himself as one of as impetuous a spirit as ever attack'd a henroost.

*Hey.* There appears some mistake here; Trip is most certainly of a prudent turn;—

*Trip.* Now, Major Heyward!—

*Kate.* Mr Trip, did you or did you not, tell me—

*Trip.* Kate!—

*Hey.* He had much compunction about this journey;—

*Trip.* Major Heyward!—

*Kate.* Am I right or no, Mr. Trip? positively—

*Trip.* Kate!

*Hey.* Either Kate, or I, must be wrong;—Will it please your discretion to decide? Is not prudence a man's best breast-plate?

*Trip.* Ay, sir, but it guards one side only;—in case of double attack, I find it stands a man but in poor stead.

*Alice.* Well answer'd, Trip.

*Hey.* In that case, sirrah, the best way is to beat a retreat. Go, and see things put in readiness for our return to Fort Henry.

[*Exeunt TRIP and KATE.*]

*Alice.* You left my father well,—Does he talk oft of two he left behind?

*Hey.* Most constantly;  
They form'd the green oasis of his thoughts.

*Alice.* But how, and how?

*Hey.* Nay, that is past my skill;  
Cora he loves, and boasts of; Alice as  
His pet and darling; when he speaks of her  
His voice will soften, and his mein erect  
Relaxes to a playful tenderness;—  
And need I say how cherished was that theme,—  
How deep a charm it wrapt round Duncan's heart?

*Alice.* Duncan was ever friendly, good, and kind ;  
Yet why name me singly ? must I think  
That Cora shar'd not in your interest ?

*Hey.* O, surely Alice ; yet forgive me saying  
Not in the same degree.

*Alice.* No ! Major Hewyard !  
Then you know not the merit of my sister ;  
She speaks of you, as her most valued friend.

*Hey.* Mistake me not, sweet Alice ; I acknowledge  
Her excellence ;—yet still—

*Alice.* Yet still !—

*Hey.* To me—

At least her worth,—

*Alice.* Well, how ?—

*Hey.* You cannot blame me

That I think less of her, you being by.

*Alice.* What am I placed then as my sister's foil ?  
Compared with Cora ! you dull courtier,  
Fie ! what a choice !

*Hey.* Alice, you smile displeas'd ;  
Indeed, my soldiers bluntness twists my words  
To blunders never meant. No brother lov'd  
More tenderly a sister, than I—Cora.  
And would you give me but a brother's license.—

*Alice.* Duncan, your nature is *too* generous  
To cause a painful feeling willingly.  
But did you know how jealous is my heart  
Of ought which seems a slight to a lov'd sister,  
You would excuse my warmth. This hasty tongue  
Will never keep a penthouse for my thoughts,  
Tho' they be ne'er so foolish.

*Hey.* Rather blame  
The cause of it—my rudeness ; But oerjoy'd,  
Excited with a boon your father grants,  
I knew not how to tell you,—how to speak.

*Alice.* What was its purport ?

*Hey.* That with his consent,  
I may petition Alice for my bride ;  
And what says she ?

*Alice.* Duncan,—my father's sanction—  
Forbear, until he sees me ; 'tis not fit  
For me,—a maid to answer.

*Hey.*

Sweet, your sister.

*Enter CORA.*

*Alice.* And her opinion must assist my judgment ;  
She is my referee.

*Cora.* (Smiling,) I guess the subject ;  
Some other time, dear Alice ; 'tis no place  
To settle love affairs.

*Alice.* What gypsy told you ?

*Cora.* Nay, tis your telltale looks.

*Alice.* But look you sister ;  
This is the soldier, so intent on war ;  
And practising the noble art of drill,  
Transform'd into the gallant cavalier.  
The chivalry we held defunct,—is raised,  
And in the person of this knight restor'd.  
Most puissant Sir Duncan, by what name  
Befitting this most doughty undertaking,  
Will you be stiled ? Don Armadis of Gaul,—  
Scotia ? or eke, “ Le protecteur aux dames ?

*Hey.* Why, what a madcap !

*Alice.* But, Sir Knight, remember,  
If we—the ladies under your protection,—  
Do suffer aught of inconvenience—  
Or come to a mishap, however slight,—  
Or have a thought of danger, undispell'd,  
By gay discourse, and debonairity ;—  
Fie ! never wear spurs more ; Be aye disgrac'd,  
And aye ungeurden'd by fair ladies smiles,  
The priz'd reward of yore.

*Magua advances.*

*Mag.* The day wears fast.  
Will not the fair skins journey ?

*Alice.* Bless me ; Duncan.

*Hey.* Be not alarm'd, sweet cousins. Tis our guide ;  
His manner, tho' abrupt, is of his race.

*Alice.* Is he our guide ? He has a fearful look.

*Hey.* Nay, truth despises forms, and shows it too ;  
For oft ill outsides, fairest are within.

*Cora.* Surely you knew him, Major Heyward, knew  
His faith, e'er you engaged his services.



*Hey.* Would I have jeopard'd your safeties else?  
 Yet let me not persuade, if you have dread,  
 To cross the forest under this man's guidance.

*Alice.* What think you sister?

*Cora.* That we are but women  
 Startled at trifles; [To *Magua*.

Good friend, are you not  
 Subject to miss the track? the paths are many,  
 All wild, and intricate.

*Mag.* Does the dark eye ask  
 If *Magua* knows the track? Does not the bird  
 Pick from a thousand trees, the bough whereon  
 She laid her nest? *Magua* too has built  
 His wigwam in the woods; he knows them well.

*Cora.* Enough. Shall we prepare, my *Alice*?

*Alice.* Gladly,  
 I long to see my father.

*Hey.* Go then, cousins;  
 While I seek out that lagging rascal, *Trip*.

[*Exeunt Heyward, Cora, and Alice.*

*Mag.* So draw they near the net of *Magua*;  
 What sound was that? a groan from the white chief!  
 How steals it like sweet music on my ear!  
 O, sweet revenge; others can pierce the heart,  
 But *Magua* shall pierce his dotting soul.  
 He wrings his hands, ha! ha! he tears his hair,  
 The white locks time has left him.—But in vain,—  
 His child is in a despis'd redskin's arms.  
 O, sweet revenge! I'll strain his every nerve,  
 Then snap them, one by one. O, sweet revenge! [Exit.

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## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Woods.*

HAWKEYE, and CHINGACKGOOK, *discover'd seated.*

*Chin.* Hawkeye, a man sleeps, and dreams; he sees his brethren around him, they converse awhile,—then vanish, and he sees them no more;—he is a lone man, and he sleeps. Such has been the life of Chingackgook; when he was young, his people spread far on the shores of the big river;—they were mighty on the earth; wisdom was in their councils, and their friendship was prized by many nations. Who were so great as the Mohicans, when Chingackgook was young? Yet have they passed away;—they are remember'd but as in a dream.

*Hawk.* Bygone times are sad to think on, that's a truth sagamore, 'specially, when one has no reason to believe them changed for the better.

*Chin.* The wind passeth over the place of my childhood, but it bears away neither the war shout, or the song of gladness. Buffaloes graze there, and weeds deface the grave sods of my fathers. Wacondah hath taken away the glory of our race,—he has made it a nayword in the mouths of our foes.

*Hawk.* It's a fact, that the wise and powerful are often cut off, when the foolish and weak are spared. Why it is so, would ill befit me to say, for I am a simple man, and know better how to crack a rifle, than explain the hidden ways of natur. However, few men are without some comfort, to put again' their ills; and thou hast Uncas.

*Chin.* He is my last, and best;—and when he has followed me down the valley there will be no trace left, of the wise race of the Mohicans.

*Hawk.* Ay, but the lad may yet rekindle thy stock, and thy old age be blest in his children. Hist! a sound!

*Chin.* My brother's ear is keen.

*Enter Uncas, stealthily*

*Hawk.* How lad, what stirs? There is something more abroad Than birds and beasts.

*Uncas.* Mingoos, with pale faces.

*Chin.* Ugh!

*Hawk.* English? Ha!

*Uncas.* Englese.

*Hawk.* My countrymen!  
 With mingoes—then, there's treachery at work;  
 Where mingoes are, mischief is not far off.  
 We must learn something more. Where are they, boy?

*Uncas.* They come upon this track.

*Hawk.* My countrymen!  
 Poor unsuspecting wretches!—Sagamore;  
 We should try means to save them.

*Chin.* It is good.

*Hawk.* Back then, and hide. [They retire.]

*Enter* MAGUA, followed by HEYWARD, CORA, ALICE, and TRIP.

*Alice.* Well, Trip, how like you this forest travelling?

*Trip.* Why, ma'am, being a sultry day, these trees form a pleasant canopy; otherwise I am no great admirer of the picturesque, not having proper equipment to enjoy its beauties.

*Alice.* Equipment! How equipment?

*Trip.* In the first place, ma'am, the skin of a rhinoceras to turn the bite of these mosquitoes; in the second, the zeal of a naturalist, to admire the troops of insects and lizards dropping on us from every side; in the third, the fortitude of Socrates, to endure those rascally monkeys bewraying us occasionally from above. And so on, *ad infinitum* to the end of the journey.

*Alice.* Duncan so thoughtful! Cora not a word!  
 You are companions both for Augerona.

*Cora.* I have observed you, Major Heyward, eye  
 The road with scrutiny; and as I thought  
 Somewhat uneasily.

*Trip.* [*Aside.*] Uneasily! what! master begins to feel uneasy. Ah! my foresight pictur'd the danger, he can only see it when it stares him in the face. Trip, Trip, would thou wert safe at Fort Henry.

*Hey.* 'Tis not the track we traversed in the morn.  
 This place is strange to me. What! Magua?

*Mag.* Here,—Magua is here.

*Hey.* Art thou upon the track.

*Mag.* The paleface says it.

*Hey.* Speak without evasion:  
 Where hast thou brought us?

*Mag.* Magua has chang'd the track.

*Hey.* Why chang'd it?—why?—the sun is sinking fast;  
And by this time we should have reach'd the Fort.

*Mag.* (*Smiling sarcastically*)

Why stay we then. Waits not the old white chief?  
He longs to see his daughters. They are fair;—  
A happy father, he.

*Hey.* (*aside,*)

What fearful thoughts,  
Unshaped,—indefinable,—crowd my brain.  
Let me be calm;—Firm—be my heartstrings firm,  
Lest these black presages unseal my reason.

*To Magua.*

How rich will Magua be; his wigwam stor'd  
With many gifts,—gifts from the liberal hands  
Of grateful friends. How envied of his tribe,  
When he returns home laden with his riches,  
Then shall his wish be law, and his voice heard  
By ears that favour him.

*Mag.*

*Magua is a chief;*

His wish *is* law,—his tongue *is* heard with favour.  
What would he more?

*Hey.*

And Magua is faithful!

*Mag.* Magua has lost the track.

*Hey.*

All is confirm'd;

O, villain! villain! But thy treachery  
Shall cost thee life.

*Mag.*

My life! Kill Magua!

Aha! the paleface warrior would not dare.

*Hey.* Not dare!

*Mag.*

What would it bring him?—Death.

*Hey.*

Revenge.

*Mag.* The death of Magua is death to all;

To these,—the maidens.

*Hey.*

Huron—Magua,—

Save only them, and all I have is thine.

*Mag.* Magua will search, and try to find the path.

[*Exit Magua.*]

*Trip.* [*Aside.*] This comes of wildgoose journeys. O, the wisdom of the snail, for while it crawls with feelers, if lost, can turn back on its own slime. Would I had filled my pockets with pebbles they might have served to get one out of this cursed labyrinth.

*Alice.* Duncan, you terrify me,—

*Trip.* [*Aside.*] Ay, and me too.

*Alice.* Do not look so.

Let me implore you Duncan,

*Cora.* Be more calm ;

All may be well yet.

*Hey.* What ! what is he gone ?

Ha ! see, the traitor laughs ;—he shakes his hand

In triumph ; ruffian ! dog !

[*Exit in pursuit.*]

*Alice.* Stay, Duncan, stay,—

He hears thee not : alas ! [*A pistol shot heard.*]

*Cora.* Hark ! hark ! good Trip.

Fly to thy master's rescue. What, aghast !

*Trip.* We shall be murder'd, butcher'd. O, for the size of an atomy now, or to be squeezed into the body of a midge !

*Cora.* Thy spirit would fit it well. Wilt thou not aid Thy master in his need ?

*Trip.* Would I could aid myself. I feel in a—a—sinking—condition. [*Swoons.*]

*Re-enter HEYWARD, agitated.*

*Hey.* He has escap'd—O, heavens, my head, my head,—None but myself this madness could devise ;

None but my folly, bring you to this ruin.

*Cora.* Do not reproach yourself ; e'er it is charged A fault upon you.

*Hey.* O, the wretch I am !

Your presence most reproaches,—then your kindness,

*Cora.* Forbear such thoughts, sir ; rather let us seek The means for our escape.

HAWKEYE, CHINGACKGOOK, and UNCAS, come forward.

*Alice.* The Indians !

*Hey.* Our injuries guide every bullet true.

*Hawk.* Down with your arms, young soldier. Be not rash To harm the friends, who come to succour you.

*Hey.* Succour and friends ! stand back ; friends spring not up In such a place, and such emergency.

*Hawk.* Its no time to stand quevally, or to argue the likelihood of the matter ; yonder varlet is collecting his troops and will soon be here ; if you would rather trust him than one of your own countrymen, why, you know but little of either of us.

*Cora.* He speaks our language, Duncan. Trust to him.

*Hawk.* Right, lady; white without a cross I am;  
These hands tho' brown and faded, thro' their veins  
Ne'er ran a mixed blood.

*Hey.* We are betray'd,  
And in a demon's power,—

*Hawk.* I know it well.  
To seek for further explanations now  
Were foolish, with those mingoes on our trail.

Dare you, sir, and these fair ones trust to us?

*Hey.* We're in your hands.

*Hawk.* That's well. Then follow us,  
Ere the black scamps return to take our scalps,  
And your's, will-nilly.

*Hey.* One; there is but one.

*Hawk.* But one! uh, uh, that is your booklarn'd wisdom;  
Ye had a body escort of a dozen,  
Afore, behind; and yet ye knew it not;  
Well, well, 'tis English natur;—Uncas, guard our rear.  
Now, sir, bring on the gentle ones;—to think  
There was but *one*!—but one!—uh, uh.

*Exeunt all but Uncas.*

*Uncas.* Why does the heart of Uncas throb so wild?  
He trembles,—yet is pleased; 'tis not with fear,  
And yet he trembles; now his blood is cold,  
And now 'tis hot like fire. The dark-eyed maid!  
Is't she that moves him thus? ah! what of her?  
Or what is she to Uncas? She is fair,  
Yet sang no song as do the Indian girls,  
To please their lovers;—yet the words she spake  
Were sweeter to my ear, than are the notes  
Of that light bird which mounts up to the sky,  
And brings the music down, that there they sing,  
(For sure that place is peopled 'tis so bright)  
She did not dance,—and yet her step might teach  
The hind to tread. Night has come on,—'tis dark;  
I saw it not; her presence made all light,  
But she be'ng gone, a double darkness seems.  
'The Hurons!—soft! they slink this way. Shut! shut!

[*Exit.*

*Enter MAGUA, and INDIANS.*

*Mag.* Not here!

Disperse my braves; their trail must be a broad one,  
Nor can they be gone far.

*Ind.* The trail is hid.

*Mag.* My warriors sleep. The paleface has no cunning:  
How should he hide the trail?

*Ind.* 'Tis hid! 'tis hid!

*Mag.* Ha! Delaware are near—Look close my braves.

[*Sees Trip.*

What's here? aha! a coward Yengees dog,  
To make us sport; Uraca, prick him with  
Your knife.

*Trip.* Oh! oh!

*Mag.* Asleep still! prick him again.

*Trip.* Oh! oh! good tailor, take away your needle.

*Mag.* Will he not rise? Prick him again; hard, hard.

*Trip.* [*Rises.*] O, me! where am I. Dropt—dropt thro' the earth,  
And these my persecutors.

*Mag.* Fool!

*Trip.* These imps of Satan,

Have caused me many a jest, 'tis now their turn  
To pay 'em back in earnest.

*Mag.* Where are they,

The Yengees sisters?

*Trip.* Merciful Magua!

*Mag.* Speak. See here,—this knife.

*Trip.* I see it,—ah!

*Mag.* Will he not say?

*Trip.* Indeed, I cannot tell.

*Mag.* Liar! the paleface lies. His tongue speaks fraud.

*Trip.* Beshrew it then. I slept, and left them here,  
If I remember right. Where they are gone,  
I know no more than Magua.

*Mag.* Liar, still!

Why wilt thou mock? The knives of twenty braves  
Gleam 'bove the false tongue; what then is his will?  
Shall they be bright or red?

*Trip.* Ah! gently. I have as arrant a dread of a gleaming knife, as ever a mad dog had of water. My very flesh creeps at it.

*Mag.* Then let him tell where are the white chief's daughters.

*Trip.* Would I could.

*Mag.* Were there not Mohicans?

*Trip.* I saw none. That I will swear before any court in Europe.

*Mag.* And he—the cunning white, foe to our tribe, Nam'd le longue Carabine. Was he not there?

*Trip.* I saw him not.

*Ind.* The trail! the trail!

*Mag.* Dog of a white race, live.

*Trip.* Thanks, thanks.

*Mag.* 'Tis Magua bids thee live.

*Trip.* Most potent Magua!—

What a vapour bath, has this foolish fright put me in.

*Mag.* Rejoice. 'Tis life he gives thee.

*Trip.* Generous chief!—

My fears made false alarms. I shall ever think better of life hereafter.

*Mag.* Aha! fool! fool! our squaws know how to torture;—  
With fire and knife they draw sweet music from  
The coward's soul. The Yengees groans shall make  
My young men glad,—his writhes shall please my maidens.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

*Enter HAWKEYE, CHINGACKGOOK, HEYWARD, CORA, and ALICE.*

*Hey.* Poor Trip! no hope—no chance of his escape?

*Hawk.* Escape, and Mingoos round him! uh, uh, uh,  
A native child would grin to hear ye talk so;  
Escape, and he a novice! one who knows  
No more of Indians, then I of Hottenpots.  
Why, if we take all chances, and suppose,—  
I say suppose,—that he should slip these scent hounds  
(A thing past natur) still, some beast of prey  
Is like to light on him, or, missing that,  
He dies of hunger, being little used  
To earn his dinner by the huntsman's skill.



*Hey.* Why then, farewell, poor Trip. Thy quips and whimsies  
Have come to a rude market.

*Hawk.*

Ay, sir, truly ;

He was an innocent, and never meant  
To live i' the woods, that's sartain. But our care  
Must be to save the living. Chingackgook,  
The boat ?

*Chin.* 'Tis ready.

*Hawk.*

We'll, then, to the stream ;

The water leaves no trail to these black varmin.

*Hey.* Are we pursued then ?

*Hawk.*

Ay, sir, and by creeturs

Will follow to the earth's end, if there's need.

*Hey.* May we not reach the fort, ere they o'ertake us !

Once there, these dogs might howl their malice vainly.

*Hawk.* Uh, uh, uh, uh. To hear an Englishman

Give an opinion of the ways and means

Met with in woods ! It is another thing,

Than marching of a regiment's retreat ;

There, sir, I grant ye stoutest legs are best ;

But we fight with our heads more than with hands,

And he that is the cunning'st wins the day.

*Hey.* We leave all to your wisdom, our kind friends ;

Yet 'till these ladies are once more in safety,

My head is too much troubled to think calmly.

*Hawk.* Ay, sir 'tis natur ; the head will give foolish counsel when the heart's in trouble. I once knew a man sentenced to death, for some matter, and he thought to turn aside the law, by playing the woman with his eyes ; as I before remarked 'tis natur, but a man in his cool senses would know it was hopeless, and he might as well have had the credit of leaving the world, like one gifted with reason, and dignity above the brutes. Now, I have seen in my time, many a red-skin, when they found their end near, who might well teach a lesson of proper deportment, even those rascally mingoes——

*Hey.* Pardon me friend ; but while so insecure,

Why dally we with time ? Each moment's precious.

*Hawk.* True ; but we wait the coming of young Uncas ;

Know, sir, we have a stronghold, and in danger,

There we retreat ; a cavern rude and lonely,

Round which a boisterous river spouts and foams,

Girdling it to our safety ; from that place  
 Have we oft stood stout tustles from our foes,  
 And many a lifeless body down the tide  
 'S been wash'd to tell a mute tale to his friends.

*Hey.* And how far is it hence ?

*Hawk.* Hark ! you may hear  
 The roar. There go we now.

*Enter UNCAS.*

Well lad ! how now ?

Close on us, eh ! The imps have found our trail ?

*Unc.* My father says it :—

*Hawk.* Away then to the stream ;  
 Stay ye, my brothers ; guard upon our rear.

*(Exit all but the two Indians.)*

*Chin.* Let the age'd eye of Chin'gook rest on Uncas ;—  
 Whose form is straight as the young sycamore's ;—  
 And graceful as the reed bent by the breeze ;  
 Whose voice is pleasing as the nightingale's ;—  
 Whose speed is like the roe's ;—and whose fierce rage  
 Wid'neth his nostrils as the buffaloe's.  
 When the great spirit swept away our race,  
 He gave me thee, and thou art all that cheers,  
 And wiles the darkness from thy father's spirit.

*Unc.* My father's griefs are many ;—let the voice  
 Of Uncas still be kind, and soothing to him.

*Chin.* Let Uncas listen, and my tongue shall speak  
 Good counsel in his ear ; the rain falls down  
 Upon the desert plains, and the sand drinks it ;  
 Yet there a drop may fall, and gushing springs  
 Rise in its place, to flow a mighty river,  
 In whose wide dams the beavers build their huts.  
 So may it be with thee, my son ; thou art  
 The last of our brave race, yet from thy loins  
 A nation yet may rise to call thee " father."  
 The daughters of the Delawares my brethren,  
 Are fair unto the eye ; let Uncas choose.

*Unc.* Is then my father weary of his son ?  
 That he would be alone ?— no more to chase,  
 With him the buffalo in the broad prairie.

*Chin.* Why is my son unlike to other youths?  
 Why softens not his heart at maidens charms?  
 Oft have they woo'd him, with their eyes and smiles,  
 Yet he regards them coldly.

*Unc.* Uncas did not make  
 His heart. Is he to blame.

*Chin.* Fair to the sight—  
 The maidens of my land. More graceful far  
 Then are these sickly whites.

*Unc.* (*Hastily.*) Fair is the dark eye;  
 Her look makes Uncas glad.

*Chin.* Yet how less fair,  
 Then are the daughters of the Delawares.

*Unc.* My father! has he look'd?

*Chin.* I fear my son  
 Has look'd, when he forgot the white chief's child,  
 Could never he an Indian's bride. Ah! youth,  
 Roving in wishes maketh worthless things  
 Desir'd because forbidden. Ah! my boy,  
 He dreams! he dreams! his waking will be trouble.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Enter* INDIANS, who examine the ground, then group and wait.

*Enter* MAGUA.

*Mag.* Why stop, my warriors? Ha! the trail is broader.  
 These steps tell of a hasty flight. On, braves.

*1st Ind.* The trail is hid.

*2nd Ind.* The fishes could reveal it.

*Ind.* The stream! the stream!

*Mag.* 'Tis well. Follow its course;  
 But mark the sides well, lest my cunning foes  
 Deserting it, leave a false trail to us.  
 Forward, my warriors.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A cavern, the river heard dashing without.*

*Enter HAWKEYE and HEYWARD.*

*Hey.* Every thing is admirably contrived for defence;— not a port-hole misplaced, while the river shields you against any surprize; not the most skilful engineer could devise a better or a stronger fortification than the plan of this rude cavern presents.

*Hawk.* Ay, sir, natur often contrives matters for our security, better than all our art could find out. But the reason is plain, for we are but weak mortals arter all, and whether we look on natur as an engineer, a giver of instinct, or of herbs to heal us (which the dumb brutes themselves larn us the vartue) it teaches lessons which a thinking man cannot fail to profit by. I have not yet shown you all the beauties of the place, but I fancy them varmint will put us to our resources afore we are many hours older.

*Hey.* Surely our foes are baffled; not a sound Throughout the night, hath yet surpris'd our watch. Think you not friend, they have mistook the path? Or given up pursuit of their accord?

*Hawk.* Neither is likely, major; in the first place, We had two quick a flight to hide a trail well; And ill doers will find ways to help their ends, However good ones fail;—If they miss it, Why, they'll need spectacles the next; uh! uh! But if you talk of them deserting us, You little know the natur of a Mingoe How they are fiercest when they're baffled most, And find a scent, when they seem most at fault.

*Hey.* This interval doth agitate me more Than if I heard their war-whoop.

*Hawk.* Ay, 'tis so;  
When I first serv'd i'the wars, I well remember,  
The day before the battle,  
A pin let fall rung like a thousand swords  
Clash'd in the conflict; and a cricket's chirp  
Bellow'd as loud as twenty culverins.

But once among the fighters, all that vanish'd.  
The cannon's roar was music, and the groans  
Of dying men spurr'd me amongst the throng.  
I was a boy then; uh! uh! a mere boy.

*Hey.* Our danger but begun! 'Tis strange methinks,  
If we're discovered, that these Hurons come not.

*Hawk.* They wait the glent o'morn. An hour hence,  
Will prove if my feelosophy be true;  
I never larn'd to read, save in the book  
Which natur shows me; but of Indians ways  
I'll face the 'cutest scholar; ay, and tell  
The habit of each beast that haunts the prairies.  
Is't not enough? bring your deep scholars here,  
(They that would scorn a simple man like me,  
Who never knew a stroke that made a letter.)  
Bring 'em with figures, rules, and compasses,  
And set 'em i'the woods, that they may try,  
By making longitudes, to free theirselves.  
Let them catch beavers with their lines o' latin.  
Or hunt the red deer with hey presto passes.  
Or fright the Indians with their "bass-hit-her."  
And "noman to'em." Belike they would; uh! uh!

*Hey.* 'Tis true indeed; each fits best in his place;  
The woods,—the woodman; and his books,—the scholar.  
Elsewhere each is as ignorant as the other.

*Hawk.* But come, sir, we may strengthen our advantage;  
And make the best of time while they're away,  
Once here, I doubt, there'll be no holiday. [Exeunt.

*Enter CORA and ALICE.*

*Alice.* See, see, the streak of morn; sure 'tis a sign  
Of blessedness to us, and bids us hope  
Speedy deliverance. Oh! what a night!  
What fearful noises, startling our fears,  
Drove thoughts of rest away.

*Cora.* Our shaken spirits,  
Timid with many frights of yesterday,  
Abused our fancies.

*Alice.* But our father, sister,  
Still less disposed for sleep; each hour that parts us  
Adds heavier trouble to his burthen'd heart.

How oft has he bent down his anxious ear,—  
And looked with aching eye for our approach.

*Cora.* Uncertainty that makes one dread the worst,—  
Is yet his hope, that we are at Fort Edward;  
Tis spared him the full knowledge of our danger,  
And all the perils past,—sweet, amid which  
'T has been my comfort thou has't shown a soul  
Superior to its fragile tenement.

*Alice.* Is bare endurance,—courage?

*Cora.* Yea; so long.  
The deeds which men do on the strength of passion,  
Must be ascribed to that, and not to courage.  
In such,—there is no more of a brave spirit,  
Than sparks hold fire or heat. 'Tis in the soul  
Which steadily upholds itself, above  
The sea of ills that threatens to entomb it,  
Must show the essence of a noble courage.

*Alice.* Yet would 'twere safely o'er,—this peril.

*Cora.* On our friends—  
Their knowledge,—care,—our safety all depends.

*Alice.* O, ay; our friends! has my dear sister marked  
The Mohican, young Uncas?

*Cora.* Surely I marked  
The intrepidity of these brave strangers;  
Their skill in saving us. But why the question?

*Alice.* His truant eye oft wander'd to my sister,  
And carried with it an intelligence  
Of something warmer than indifference.

*Cora.* Fie, Alice, fie, is this a time to jest?

*Alice.* Indeed I jest not; and I marvel much  
You noticed not, that which was ill conceal'd:  
He loves thee.

*Cora.* Thou would'st make a poor diviner;  
Thy thoughts so fix on love, they tinge all things,  
Howe'er incongruous, with their own colour.

*Alice.* Spite of the many wiles, and stratagems,  
And all the secrecies which love doth fashion;  
It never yet found art to hide itself.

*Cora.* Thou should'st not wrong him with a thought so wild;  
The poles themselves, are not more distant than  
The habits, likings, customs of his race  
Are sunder'd from our own.

*Alice.* And granting that,  
Is not the light to darkness opposite,  
Yet who can tell where each begins and wanes  
Into the other? who can mark the point,—  
The interval which doth divide them twain?

*Cora.* A subtle reasoning for my simple Alice;  
Yet credit me; if he feels aught towards us,  
'Tis scorn,—that we are white-skins.

[*A war-whoop without.*

*Alice.*

Ah!

*Cora.*

In ev'ry form,

Dangers environ us; appalling sound!

*Enter HEYWARD.*

*Hey.* Away sweet consins, to the inner cave;  
The Hurons have discovered our retreat.

*Alice.* Oh! Duncan.

*Hey.* Dearest Alice, check your fears;  
Our friends say, whilst we can return their fire,  
All their attempts are vain.

[*Shots heard.*

This is no place of safety.

Away, my cousins;  
[*Exeunt Cora and Alice.*

O! for a file of my brave red coats here,  
To change the notes of triumph which these scamps  
Dare yell at us, to shriekings of dismay.

*Enter HAWKEYE.*

*Hawk.* Or for a bombshell now, to visit them  
With a fillip on their haunches,—a quick way  
To larn an Indian turn French summersetts;  
If wishes help'd us Major, we would fit them.

*Hey.* How goes the skirmish, friend?

*Hawk.* Things might be better;

Had we but powder now—

*Hey.* And that?—

*Hawk.* Is damp,—

Unfit for aught but to make squibs of, we  
Have scarce enough dry for a dozen rounds;  
That spent!—unless these rascals quit their sport,—  
I would not give the value of this flint  
For all our scalps.

*Hey.* Is the case so bad?

*Hawk.* Where are the fair ones?

*Hey.* In the cave within.

*Hawk.* Tis hard for them to die, so young!—so rich!  
So fair to look on! Well, it must be so.  
But we sir, that are men, white without cross,  
Will show these redskins we have blood as brave  
And dauntless as their own. [*Exit.*

*Hey.* There is no hope  
If this brave woodsman says so. O, my heart!  
Reason—distraction! could my madness urge  
Me to this deed, and leave me now a prey,  
To reason on it?—Two such lovely beings,  
Brought to this cruel fate, their only fault,  
Faith on this treacherous tongue! O, misery!

*Re-enter HAWKEYE.*

The sick to death, have yet a hope, while breath  
Is in their nostrils; turns our fortune yet?

*Hawk.* I left the Mohicans a priming their last shots

[*Shots heard.*

There spake young Uncas' rifle; he is quick,  
And rather apt to overcharge his piece,  
Which makes his shot unsteady. There too, rung  
The elder Mohican, a death to one of 'em;  
That yell! it told.

*Hey.* What is then left us, friend?

*Hawk.* But little, major. We have nought wherewith  
To check their entrance longer. You now find  
The rifle crack is stilled; I'll show you then  
The almanack whereon our case is printed.  
Mark yonder fine old man, the Sagamore;—  
Read me his countenance, you read in books,  
What find you in his face?—calm as he sits?

*Hey.* Nothing that quenches hope.

*Hawk.* Note how he smooths  
The only tuft of hair, his sconce is deck'd with;  
Would ye believe that simple act, to mark  
Approaching death?

*Hey.* Death!

*Hawk.* Ay; that quiet look,  
To one who can interpret, plainly speaks  
That death and he communes. Now are his thoughts  
Cut off from earth, in the bright hunting grounds



The Indians looked for Heaven. Listen, now,—  
And hear the deathsong of an Indian.

*Chin.* (*Without.*) Hark! for the voice of Wacondah is speaking:—listen! for he bids his children hunt in the happy prairies;—they, who died in the battle,—slain, but not vanquished;—they who laughed at their foes. Aha! see, what Mingoes are hid in the dust;—their scalps shall make welcome the last of his race.

*Hawk.* And yet, why wait that certain death may reach us,  
For that the chance of our escape is small?

Uncertainty is better of the two.

I fain would try, tho' but to baffle those  
Wide-throated skulking thieves. I'll speak to Uncas,  
Tho' young, he's cunning, and may hit some plan,  
Or join with mine.

[*Exit.*

*Enter CORA and ALICE.*

*Alice.* The noise is not so loud;  
Say, Duncan are we safe?

*Hey.* I fear, dear Alice,  
'Tis but the silence of a hoarding storm.

Grieved am I to dispel a hope, yet why  
Seek to deceive in what, one hour reveals;—  
The Hurons ev'ry moment gather nearer;—  
And ammunitionless we can no longer  
Repel their progress.

*Cora.* What now do our friends?

*Hey.* They are debating on our present fortunes;  
And anxiously I wait for their decision.

*Cora.* Death, like a midnight phantom, moving meets  
On every side our gaze; yet, in all scenes,—  
Amid all dangers, Alice, be't our care  
Ne'er to forget we are a soldier's daughters.

*Enter HAWKEYE and the two INDIANS.*

*Chin.* Away! hath not the voice of Chingackgook  
Chaunted his death song? Wacondah has heard it;  
Shall then his tongue breathe lies? His lips speak fraud  
To the great spirit?

*Hawk.* Precious is life to man;  
And 'tis an instinct in him, to attempt  
All honest ends to save it. Of what good  
His gifts and his devices, if not used?

Shall we throw life away? That were a sin,—  
Unthankful to the giver.

*Chin.* What says Uncas?

*Uncas.* More precious still than life is a kept faith;  
Bitt'rer than any death, a broken trust  
Is to the heart;—these strangers trusted us,—  
Shall we desert them?

*Hawk.* If we stay, we die;  
We cannot save them.

*Uncas.* We die then with no shame.

*Chin.* Uncas speaks well; shall we desert a pledge?

*Hawk.* Men nicer larn'd have done it; who would prate  
For hours together on the laws of honour;  
Yet when it comes to life and death, would strain  
A point or so, and make it pat with safety.  
But move an Indian! Move rocks as soon.  
Say, my dark brothers, if these strangers' lips  
Absolve us from our pledge; will ye not go?

*Chin.* Be't as my brother says. 't shall rest with them.

*Hey.* Is there a way left open to you, friends?  
An outlet from this cave, which by your skill  
(Impossible to us) may yet be passed.

*Hawk.* There is. But whe'er we take or no the 'vantage,  
Rests on your will.

*Hey.* Then fly; naught profits us  
Your added deaths.

*Hawk.* What say the fair ones to it?

*Cora.* That while a chance remains for your escape,  
Take it, brave friends, and fly; and with it take  
Our prayers to aid, and prosper your attempt.  
Like good physicians called too late, your help  
Hath but protracted a fore-certain death,  
Yet 't has our gratitude and bids us haste  
Now your departure from the self-same fate.

*Hawk.* Nobly and wisely spoken. While life lasts,  
We never will desert ye;—but thro' woods'—  
O'er torrents follow, 'till we find a time  
To rob yon yelling furies of their prey.

[*Shouts without.*

*Hey.* Haste then, my friend. Hence, while there yet is time

[*Hawkeye going, returns.*

*Hawk.* And tho' grim death points at ye, give not up

All to despair ; it threatens e'er it strikes,  
And that (like other feints) saves many lives.

(*Going, returns.*)

But hark'ee, major ; make your trail a broad one.

And if ye can, unseen by the black imps,

Slily break off a twig ; why do.

(*going.*)

*Hey.* I will.

*Hawk.* (*Returns*) Be cheerly yet young ladies,—if time  
serves

We'll to Fort Henry first, and tell your father

How you are fix't. He must be something restless.

*Cora.* How shall we thank you ? but, sir, every moment  
Makes your stay dangerous.

*Hawk.* (*Returns again.*) But this word young sir,  
Keep yonder varlet in discourse awhile.

Whatever may delay him in his work,

Makes your own safety surer.

*Hey.* I will try.

*Hawk.* Come then, brave Mohican ; Uncas away ;  
The varlets now have almost crossed the stream.

[*Exeunt Hawkeye and Chingackgook. Shouts without.*]

*Hey.* They're gone, and we are left ; so mariners  
Push from the sinking ship their loaded craft,  
And leave some hapless wretches on the wreck  
To winds and waves.

*Cora.* Fie, Duncan, what a thought !  
It is a woman's office to complain ;—  
To shrink at danger, and to show her fears ;—  
That bitter speech of yours, (so undeserved  
By these brave woodsmen) should have been a woman's.

*Hey.* Who can be calm,—that did so mad a deed ?  
Who reason after such a piece of folly ?  
O, Cora !—Alice !—

*Cora.* Chide yourself no more ;  
For if you were in fault, faults seem not foul,  
But in their antidote,—forgiveness—finds  
A blessing chast'ning all.

*Alice.* Uncas still here !

*Hey.* Away, brave youth ; are not our foes upon us ?  
Fly, while the moment favours.

*Uncas.* Uncas will stay.

*Hey.* But thou wilt die.

*Uncas.* Uncas has learned to die.

*Alice.* Alas! will nothing move. Add not your death,  
To those already doomed.

*Uncas.* Uncas will stay.

*Cora.* Yet what avails it, Uncas. Go, good youth;  
Let us not, in our ruin, cause anothers,—  
Or other blood be shed in vain. Thou stay'st.

*Uncas.* Uncas will go. The darkeye bids him go.

[*Exit.*

*Cora.* The sympathy which this poor youth expresses,  
Does somewhat re-assure me; why, I know not.

*Hey.* See, with what fleetness, yet how cautiously,  
He drops from rock to shrub!

*Cora.* He takes the river.

*Alice.* Ah! he sinks! He's lost!

*Hey.* Not so; he re-appears,  
And floats down with the flood.

*Alice.* He sinks again.

*Hey.* Fear not, dear Alice; 'tis the feint he makes  
To baffle his fell foes. [*war-whoop.*

The sound comes nearer;  
Sweet cousins, check your fears;—there still is one,  
To front these horrors e'er they come on you.

[*war-whoop.*

*Enter MAGUA and INDIANS.*

*Mag.* My braves speak false; the Yengees have no wings;  
Mohicans are not fishes.

*Hey.* Traitor—villain!

*Mag.* Hah! the palefaces!

*Hey.* Hence to thy hellhome.  
Incarnate devil, die. [*Fires a pistol.*

*Mag.* Ha, ha! The Yengees' chief is but a boy;—  
[*Heyward is seized, and bound.*

Go to our squaws, and they shall teach him skill.

*Hey.* If thou'rt a man, these gentle ones will meet  
No violence or harm; as for myself,  
Do with me what you will.

*Mag.* The palechief's heart  
Is fiercer than his tongue; but both alike,—  
Both lightly held by Magua.

[*An Indian enters, and whispers Magua.*]

Ha! gone!

What! and their rifles left? My warriors sleep.  
Magua shall shame their cunning.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* INDIANS *with* TRIP.

*Trip.* O! that a honest man,  
Should thus be treated! used and abused  
By such unconscion'd knaves.

*Indian.* Aha! our boys  
Would shame the Yengees man.

*Trip.* A man had heed be furnish'd with nine lives at this rate. To jump off rocks as tho' one were made of gossamer, or sail down cataracts like a piece of cork, 'tis all one to an Indian. But O, that I, a civilized being, should be forc'd to herd with such savages!

*Hey.* What! poor Triptolemus!

*Trip.* Ah me! my master!

*Hey.* Cheerly my good fellow; our chance of life is good.

*Trip.* Alack the day! sir, I fear 'tis not worth a jew's valuation.

*Re-Enter* MAGUA. [To *Uraca.*

*Mag.* The Mohicans are cunning; They are gone.  
But Magua seeks no further than his aim;—  
He has regain'd his prey. Look out, my braves,  
Our foes are in the woods, and they are skilful,  
Death from their rifles speaks. Bring on my captives.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An open place in the woods.*

HEYWARD, ALICE, and TRIP bound to stakes, INDIANS scatter'd about, their rifles piled together.

MAGUA leads CORA forward.

*Mag.* What says the whiteman's daughter? Will she hear  
The gentle whisperings of a mighty chief?—  
He is alone; No wife has Magua.

*Cora.* The lion pairs not with the timid hind,  
But seeks a worthy mate, from out his kind,—  
Let Magua search; the maidens of his tribe,  
Are fair, and fitter for a great chief's bride  
Than is the fearful paleface.—Let him look  
On their bright eyes with favour; make a choice  
Approved of by reflection;—so should be  
His old age honour'd by a youthful line

Of chiefs as brave and subtle as their sire,  
To clear his path from foes.

*Mag.* Sweet are the words,  
The dark eyed maiden speaks,—sweet to the ear;  
But to the heart,—they to the heart are bitter.  
Look, gentle maiden, kindly on a chief,  
A band of braves shall watch to keep harm from her.  
Young girls shall sing her praises to the youths;—  
My young men fetch her beavers. Hear then Magua.

*Cora.* Let him forget the paleface,—he is wise,—  
Why should his young men scorn?—His maidens taunt?

*Mag.* Ah! would they dare? Their chief is Magua.  
Who dare taunt? Who dare scorn? He loves the paleface,  
And he is lonely;—No one cares for him,—  
No wife's voice welcomes him:—His wigwam's full  
Of spoils earned in the hunt, and ta'en in war;  
Yet they hang there, unseen; Then maidens say;  
Shall Magua be happy?

*Cora.* A wise chief,  
Sure, will not forfeit by a thoughtless act,  
That quality earned by long years of care;  
Which makes him feared by foes;—trusted by friends;—  
The admiration of his tribe,—their pride  
By which they o'ertop nations;—'tis his wisdom;  
Let him think of it.

*Mag.* Magua has thought of it.  
And 'tis his will, the white maid be his bride.

*Cora.* It cannot be.

*Mag.* It must. He speaks whose tongue  
Is truth. My brave look fiercely on the Yengees.  
See! they are bound. Would she unloose the thongs?  
She may.—A word will do it.

*Cora.* Take my life,  
And set them free; be noble chief, and do it.

*Mag.* My warriors look for blood. Their captives' blood.  
Look! they are very fierce; what can I do?

*Cora.* Pity great chief, the helpless; succour those  
Who have not wronged you.

*Mag.* What can Magua succour?  
His young men murmur; hear you not their murmurs?  
Their anger waxes loud; and now against  
Their chief it turns,— he stays them from revenge.

*Cora.* Oh! merciless; and will not one life serve it?

*Mag.* Yon trembler,—ah! so beautiful! so young!  
is she a sister? and you will not save her?

*Cora.* Not save her!

*Mag.* Her father will be childless;—  
And he is very old;—the poor old man!  
With hair which sorrows, well as winter frosts,  
Have helped to whiten. Ah! he sorrows now;—  
Shall he ne'er see his children more? all gone!  
All! in one hour, the dreams which he had cherish'd!  
His daughter cause it all!

*Cora.* Your knives:— your fire!—  
Torture me with your steel, not with your words;  
So harrowing, so cruel. O! my poor father!

*Mag.* Save him then; and save these.

*Cora.* And dost thou think  
Our father guides his honour by his love?  
That he should hold it lighter than his child?  
Lead me to tortures, Indian;—lavish all  
Your skill in torments on a helpless woman,  
I'll bear it all, rather, than he, a sense  
Of stinging, lasting shame:—yes, I can die,  
But ne'er be Magua's.

*Mag.* Now the dark eye speaks  
A woman's folly. Magua asks consent,—  
He can command; —is she not in his power?  
Who is there in these woods to snatch her from him?

*Cora.* Do thy worst, traitor! All thy malice takes  
Must have an end;—and better far to die  
Than live a life of death, in thy leath'd presence.

*Mag.* Brave—tongues are brave; to talk—is not to feel.  
And Magua *can* torture;—no boy, he;  
His hand is practised;—can the maiden shut  
Her ear so close, that groans shall enter not?  
Cover her eyes so thickly, that their sight  
Shall not behold the agony endured  
By those she loves? Ah! no.—Her thoughts will stir,  
Her ears will ope, her eyes will be unclosed;  
And when her spirit quails, will she not bend  
Unto the wish of Magua?

*Cora.* 'Tis too much:—  
This frightful hour weighs me down to earth.

Counsel me, Duncan,—dearest Alice speak ;  
Shall I not save thee ?

*Alice.* If I grieve my sister,  
It is for thee ; let this fiend work his worst,  
I can brave aught,—aught, save thy heart's affliction.

*Hey.* Ye blessed pair ! Indian, can'st behold  
This high devotion, nor relent thy purpose.

*Mag.* Relent ! ha, ha ; is Magua a woman ?  
He never knew a mother ; but when young,  
Sat with the greybeards round the counsel fire ;  
Stern was his purpose then, and shall he now  
Write it in water ? dog of a white race !  
Know, Magua is a chief that ne'er relents.  
This once he asks the dark eye,—but this once—  
Will she be Magua's bride ?

*Alice.* Sister, be firm.

*Mag.* Ha !

*Cora.* Never.

*Mag.* Yet again !

*Cora.* 'Tis said.—Work on.

*Mag.* Your doom is fixed.

*Hey.* Demon ! insensate villain !

*Cora.* [*Runs to Alice.*] Yet one embrace ; O ! Alice, my  
[lov'd sister !

*Alice.* Bear up awhile ;—but now a little while ;  
This fiery ordeal must be over soon,  
And then comes lasting peace. Courage, dear Cora.

*Cora.* I will have since thou bidd'st me. Farewell, Duncan !

*Mag.* Stay, fools ! Shall Magua be baffled ? Hark !—  
He speaks in thunder. Daughter of the paleface,  
Beware ! the tiger's less fierce o'er his prey,  
Than Magua in his anger. Once begun,  
The tortures stay not ; choice is with the maiden.  
Relent, for Magua will not ; save them now,  
Or soon the pincers tear their dainty limbs.  
Knives,—flashing powder,—slow, consuming fire,—  
Await the captives.

*Cora.* Mercy,—mercy, Huron !

HAWKEYE, CHINGACKGOOK, and UNCAS enter in the background, and  
seize the rifles of the HURONS. Behind them MUNRO, and a party  
of friendly INDIANS.

*Mag.* Nor doth the dark eye, by their death escape,



She shall be Magua's slave, his scorn, his taunt,  
 The plaything of his passions. Ha! what stirs?  
 [*Whoop, and a volley of fire arms, HAWKEYE and his party advance. Combat. MAGUA seizes CORA.*]

*Mag.* Follow, Uraca. Still revenge is ours.

*Cora.* Help! help me—save—

[*Exeunt MAGUA with CORA. URACA.*]

*Hey.* [*To Hawkeye.*] Unloose me, gallant countryman,  
 Give me a weapon.

*Hawk.* There, sir. Heed not the fighters;  
 Untie that fair one. [*Goes to Trip,*  
 Here is one that seems,

Almost past help; swooned!

*Trip.* Save us, Miss Cora.

*Hawk.* Ay, 'tis the natur of some folks to fear,  
 More than of others, tho' I never yet,  
 Could tell where i'the body lay the difference;  
 I s'pose its in ill breeding. [*To Trip.*

Feel your legs, man;

You are no worse. [*The Hurons are routed, and fly.*]

*Mun.* My Alice! My beloved!

*Alice.* O! my dear father!

*Mun.* And my other child?

Where is my Cora? Where thy sister, Alice?

*Alice.* Alas! I know not, yet she must be near.

*Mun.* She's lost! she's lost!

*Uncas.* Magua.

*Hawk.* Ha! boy, is it so?

*Mun.* (*To Uncas.*) Give me my child.

*Uncas.* Uncas will try.

*Hawk.* Away then;

We will not leave her in such varmin hands.

Uncas, his trail boy? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The open Country.*

*Enter MAGUA and URACA, with CORA.*

*Mag.* They are upon our steps. What sees Uraca?

*Uraca.* The cunning Yengees, and the Mohican  
 Gain on us. Now their rifle shot would reach.

*Mag.* Place then the darkeye in our rear, Uraca;  
 They will not fire, lest it hit the maiden.

We are too slow, my brave.

*Cora.*

Alas! Alas!

Must I aid in a flight which I abhor?  
Fly from the help which follows!

*Uraca.* 'Tis the maiden

Which makes sloths of us;—Magua's knife is sharp!

*Mag.* Not yet, not yet; the maiden must not die;  
For in her death half my revenge is lost.

Courage; we'll cheat them yet. Forward, my brave. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter UNCAS and HAWKEYE in pursuit.*

*Hawk.* Rash boy, what moves thee? Uncas has forgot.  
In Indian's cunning. Mingoes are about;—  
Snares in his path, and yet he recks them not;  
Slacken thy speed, lad.

*Uncas.* Uncas' eye is quick.

*Hawk.* See, if the cunning varmints have not placed her  
Again' our fire; 'tis like one of their tricks,  
The ugly knaves; no honest man would do it.

*Uncas.* Uncas sees; and 'tis a sight that spurs him.

*Hawk.* Thou'lt be their own betrayer;—thine own foe;—  
More than theseimps of Satan; slower, lad;  
Wil't run blind to an ambush.

*Uncas.*

Look; afar

The Huron Magua, and the captive maiden;  
She turns this way for help, but Magua shakes  
His hand and laughs at us; shall he then sa y.  
His art was more than ours, and to his women  
Boast of his triumph?

*Hawk.* Why lad, better that,

Than triumph in our deaths.

*Uncas.*

Let my white father stay;

Uncas will go alone; he needs no help;  
His hand is ready, and his foes are few.

*Hawk.* Forward, wild lad then, since thou wilt, but ne'er  
Shall danger sever us, for come what may,  
If thou dost fall, we fall in company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A platform. At the back, huge piles of rocks.*

*Enter MAGUA, URACA, and CORA.*

*Ura.* Still they press on us.

*Mag.* Onward yet a little,

And we shall spit defiance to their teeth;  
'Tis but the distance of three rifle shots  
Between us and the village.

*Ura.* We lose ground.

*Mag.* Uraca, they dare not follow longer. Hah!

*Cora.* No further; slay me, if it be your pleasure;  
But hence I stir not.

*Mag.* Daughter of the paleface,  
Tempt not the desperate; arise, or die,  
For Magua is resolved.

*Cora.* Then strike me sure;  
Since pity has no lodgement in the heart  
Of Magua, let him strike, and end at once  
This cruel misery. 'Tis so near to help,  
Yet naught avails it.

*Mag.* Mark! and he *will* strike;  
The darkeye braves him; she would be another's.  
Never,—a Mingoe speaks it. Thus he gives  
The blow that ends her hopes with his; ha! well!  
Does she not flinch to see the knife upraised  
Against her breast.

*Cora.* Strike! strike!

*Mag.* She eyes the comers,  
But 'tis in vain,—in vain. They shall not scorn  
The baffled Magua. Ha! turn I a coward?  
What stays the hand bloodred of Delaware?  
A Yengees maiden! child of him I hate!  
Ah! I would pinch him deep; yet soon—and she  
Is lost to me for ever, soon—restored  
To him with life;—yet, no, not—not with life,  
Magua has power o'er that; revenge is sweet,  
Why stays the lifted hand?

*Ura.* Their tread is on the wind;  
Thus shall Uraca's knife end his chief's doubts.

*Uncas appears on the rocks above.*

*Mag.* Hold—hold, Uraca. [*Uraca stabs Cora.*

*Unc.* Dog of a Mingoe, hold!

*Kills Uraca, and falls with exhaustion. Hawkeye appears on the  
rocks.*

*Mag.* Aha! The Mohican! The Mohican!  
Revenge is Magua's still. Die, Delaware! [*Stabs Uncas.*

*Hawk.* Villain! give mercy,—give it, and receive.

*Mag.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! Magua knows not mercy.  
The paleface, is a dog!—Defied, and cursed.—

*As Magua turns to escape, Hawkeye fires, Magua falls.*

*Mag.* A great chief dies, yet dies not, unavenged;—  
He hates the Yengees. [*dies.*

*Hawk.* Curses on the hand  
That struck my boy.

*Enter MUNRO, HEYWARD, ALICE and TRIP, CHINGACKGOOK and  
INDIANS.*

*Mun.* We come too late—too late;  
My Cora! O, my child!

*Alice.* My darling sister!

*Mun.* Dead! alas, alas; quite dead! quite breathless!  
Is this the finis of my treasured hopes?  
It should have been the finis of my life,  
As well—as well.

*Hawk.* Uncas! my son, look up;  
Thy father!

*Chin.* Uncas, wil't not wake?

*Uncas.* My father!

And thou, my second parent,—my white father,  
I heard his rifle; doth the Huron triumph?

*Hawk.* Look where his foul corse lies; and let the sight  
Give thee new life, my boy.

*Uncas.* The white chief's daughter!  
Is she not dead?—Ah! Uncas will attend,  
To clear her path from briars. Death—is—sweet.— [*dies.*

*Hawk.* Uncas, my gallant one! his ear is closed;  
Ay,—closed for ever; never more to hear  
His father's voice or friend's. His voice is dumb;  
Ne'er more to speak in whispers low and sweet,  
As round we sit, our solitary fire.  
His hand is numb; and ne'er more shall these rocks

Ring with his rifle's crack. Good, fearless boy!  
 Pah! pah! what dims my eyes? spite of my manhood.  
 I could play woman now. Uncas! brave lad!

*Chin.* I am alone. [*Hawkeye crosses.*

*Hawk.* No, no; no, not alone!

Say not alone, old friend; for tho' the boy  
 Has left us for a season, Sagamore,  
 The redskin, and the white man, still are brothers.

*Chin.* Yet am I, as the lightning stricken pike:  
 Scathed, sapless, leaveless;—its last green branch gone;  
 The rain that falls shall rot it, and the sun  
 That shines shall blacken it.

I am alone, left of the Mobicans,—  
 Last of a once great race. Kind is my brother,  
 And my heart thanks him.

*Mun.* Duncan, my sister's son! I saw thee not;  
 Where is thy hand? Grieve not too much, good youth;  
 Thine was the fault of youth, but mine, alas,  
 Had no excuse. Be thou a son to me,  
 And help to fill the void,—the blank made here.

*Hey.* My father!

*Hawk.* Colonel! Hem,—here lies a pair;  
 Fair, as they are illfated;—this poor boy,—  
 Hem, hem,—once did you service, in your living child,—  
 And died to save her, who once called you "father";  
 Poor Uncas! Well, he loved her,—it must out,  
 He loved her,—love, from such a noble heart,  
 Could ne'er dishonour, tho' their colour differ'd.  
 And surely now,—when death has levell'd rank,  
 And kith, and country,—hem—this luckless pair  
 May rest in peace together,—in one grave;—  
 And with one turf to cover them; h-e-m! hem!

*Mun.* Let it be so. An idle prejudice,  
 Would ill beseem me, in this sorrowing hour.  
 Let one sod cover them.  
 I am a 'refted father, let me still

Forget not, that my cup hath mingled been  
 Sweet with the bitter;— that my aged head  
 Hath not been weighed, with double anguish down.

[*Enter chorus of Indian girls, with flowers*]

DIRGE.

Warrior! Warrior! thou art gone—  
 Warrior! thou'rt not alone,  
     One attends thee,—she is fair,  
 Fairer, than these flowers we spread,  
 Sweeter, than their perfume shed—  
     Let the maiden be thy care.

Maiden! Maiden! thou art gone, —  
 Maiden! thou art not alone,  
     One will guard thee,—he is brave;  
 Never knew he ought of fear,  
 Trust him—love him—he is near,  
     Powerful is his arm to save.

Happy! Happy! they, and blest,  
 Who in peaceful slumber rest;  
     Suns must set, and life must end.  
 Clear her path from briars, chief! —  
 Maiden! be his balm in grief,—  
     May your spirits sweetly blend.



